



THE FACES PLAYED WITH ARE SAVED AND SPENT



Taped Rugs Productions
Kansas City, Kansas, USA
www.tapedrugs.com

words and illustrations by
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Charles Rice Goff III

Audio, Visual, Literary Artist. Founder, producer, performer, writer, photographer, graphics artist, videographer, recording engineer, promoter, etc. for **TAPED RUGS PRODUCTIONS** since 1980.

Experimental, Avant Garde, Dadaist, Expressionist, Surrealist, Fluxus, Psychedelic. Has collaborated with hundreds of artists from around the world. Previous and ongoing projects include: -ING, Disism, Herd Of The Ether Space, Turkey Makes Me Sleepy, Magic Potty Babies, River Cow Orchestra. Works have been compared to those of John Cage, Frank Zappa, William Burroughs, The Residents, Brian Wilson, Kurt Schwitters, Robert Fripp, René Magritte, Andy Warhol, Todd Rundgren.

Catalogue, reviews, interviews, audio links, video art, photographs, computer art, and more at Taped Rugs Productions:

www.tapedrugs.com

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Taped Rugs Productions

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Gauging interpretation swallows heads;
imaginations are threatened by shadows bulbed at one end.
Computing perfection intensifies rebellion
until the story tells itself in every way.
The last force to tell daydreams to
can wipe sweat from the sun's mother's face
with stained bits of wood charred in melted metal drawers.

Well, the they just left,
and if the story didn't make any sense,
it might tomorrow
when somebody says it differently,
and the same ideas go together in just the right way
to convince the one who found them that the people's faces were bending
in whichever way he or she had wanted them to.



WOODSTAINED RAG

Hidden under voices,
scribbled with a stolen pencil,
dull and wooden-nosed,
said with a cliché that won't allow it,
the they of them who come sometimes
come to probe the places insecurely holding me
to the whatever that is around.

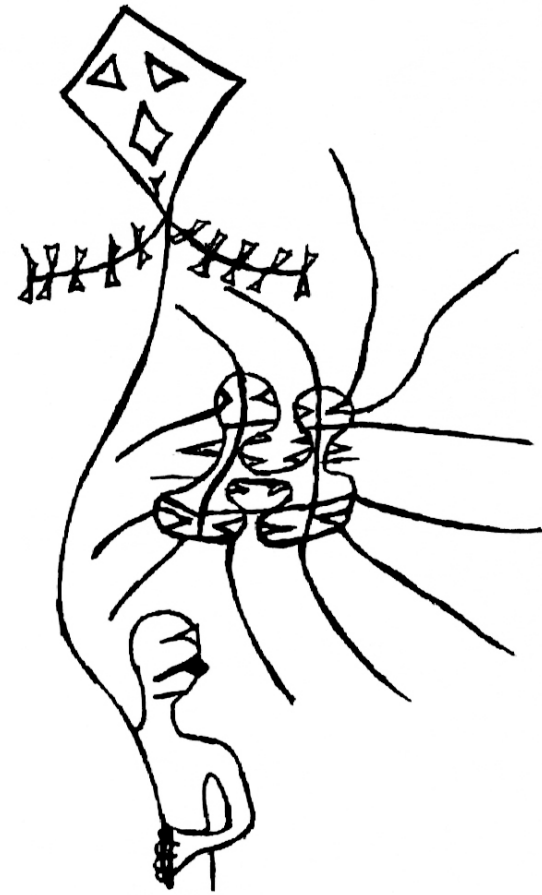
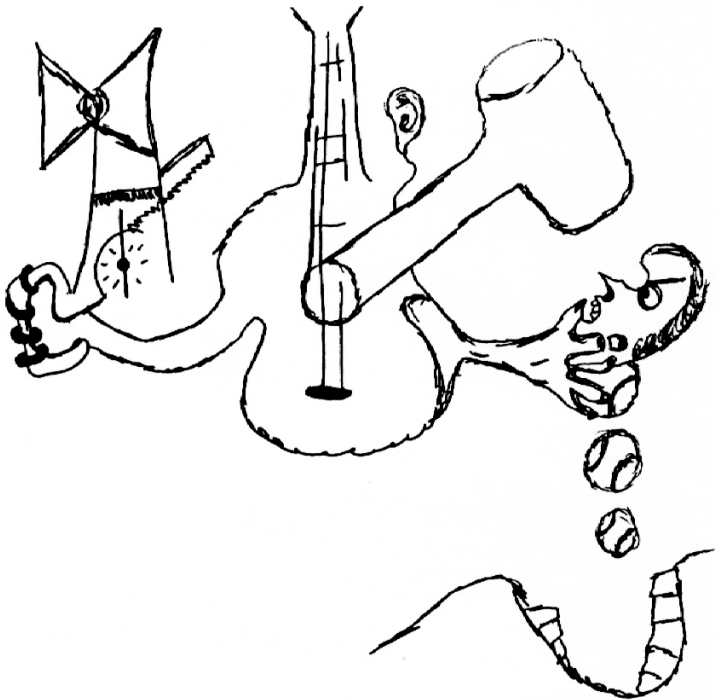
Around the tornadoing need to turn on the TV again
and the need to be able to pay for it,
speeding up faster than I can catch up,
I splash the art,
and then I'm criticized and criticizing myself for saying "I."
Whirling about face, forward march those needed to be praised,
for having pleased,
and those who must not please,
to make the pleasing all the more pleasant.
The functioning wheel lubes itself,
feeds the little ones turning it —
grand little ones and grand little poems praising them.
They leave their droppings,
laughing along the way,
except when their own words carry them back
to the truth of the pretzel.
The salty communal greed crust doesn't wash off,
spawning parasites in carnivorous underwear.
Studying the breeding patterns of hoarding,
insects and farmers stalk the same wheat.
Wavering between thoughts of eating and reproducing,
theories concerned with the nature of earth
hiding under clouds
ask if sandwiches in outer space require ziplock storage.

I selfishly do not want myself
or anyone else to be selfish
any longer.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Mark R. Zylka". The signature is stylized with a large, looped initial "M" and a long, horizontal flourish at the end.

THE "US" IN "PUS"

screaming quietly
the words write themselves
each one spits up a bit of the food
eaten before it could be written
on the chain that the food is fed from
the links can be bent
but teething boys and girls are sometimes too sharp
thinking they can chew through the chain and taste heaven
thinking they can find time to play the harps of angels
and harping on and on about love
they defend their love of self
ready to burn a bit of digested food
to protect the rest
and relaxation
to be digested as the words write themselves
to protect the rest
and relaxation



DAYLIGHT SAVINGS

The moonface smiles
bright in the daylight by my kite,
but I'll still be smiling after the moon has its final round.
I can't be dying;
the burial ground is unsound.
My energies oppose gravities,
and any piece of mind
is certainly a piece of yours.



TENDING DAYS' EASE

The rakers of fate's garden:
ardent beggars of continued pardon –
discontent deals their dirty hands;
the rakers mourn loud to block out everyday's command.

My iron rake sits wet-heavy on my thoughts,
minding the weight and rust and itchy, grinding
crust that won't come off,
unless my mind tells its hands to pick it up
and wash it.

VISUALIZATION

watching my eyes grow
seeing the risen sun written on my nose
I suppose "now"
is only a word
growing eyes can rearrange
while to "own" is not just an idea
but an entire newspaper stand
full of "won"s besides language
humans also read the scopes of weapons
watching my eyes grow
so they can know what they see
are reflection-spawned reflexes
I a mere one hoping
for sun tomorrow



PERPETUATION

scientific ripples reflect off the bank
back to the initiation of disturbance

popular conversation
my translation
personal relation

the wet scent of long unwrapped crackers
the money-back guarantee of life insurance
mold does not live on bread alone

the taped plastic bag over the digital clock
the fresh scent
the essence of newdom in all wrapped gifts

waves and new waves
navy ladies and punks and
always time to read a calendar

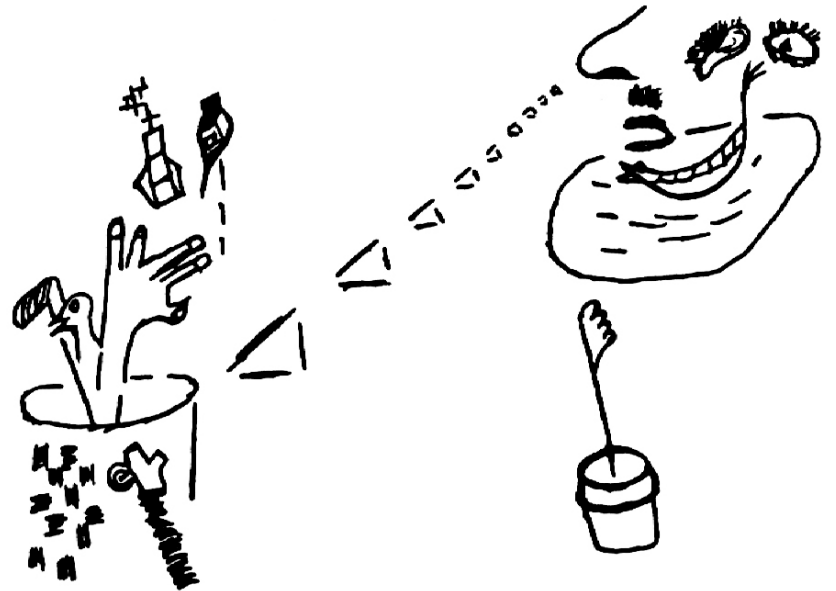
bending steel beams
rainbows already bent
people painting

ridiculous laughter webbed in slabs
progress is regress redefines hero
circles are zeroes

one life to pawn or keep alive
friendship daring to be deep-fried
a balancey place to hide

TISSUE YOU CAN BLOW YOUR NOSE ON A MILLION TIMES

Scars take their observers to the pre-explained;
time drives its observed in scars to be
cataloged with lost ping-pong tournaments
in backroom memory microfiche,
removed from general circulation through revised editions.
"Earth In Revolution" headlines check calendars;
first traces of new seasons
drive their observers home in childhood buggies;
the colors of shattered lightbulbs and torn newspapers
ornament abandoned houses.





uh huh

All questions are mere brainfuls of human
 logic that should be obvious to anything
 able to read this; isn't it?
 A "What?" runs from head to head in a wink
 of a little scoop of jelly wrapped in a piece of organic cellophane
 having a few veins connected to a brain,
 giving the mind an illusion of pleasure
 or a protrusion of pain,
 seeing and reading it again and again, and a "gain"
 is perceivably where the word came from.
 Gains can be good, and not so good can be gains,
 which makes sense whether cents are involved or not —
 the cycle of variable change does not only run laundry washers
 and parking meters,
 but while money isn't everything,
 neither are we who see it our way,
 knowing being through a single heading:
 Trying To Keep The Change And Enjoy The Gains.



illusive allusive happiness
 human brain big enough for logical lament
 love is living dreams

personal relation
 my translation
 popular conversation

back to the initiation of disturbance
 scientific ripples reflect off the bank

TRAP

A better investment
to insure the capitalist
profit
divests the interest
in the whole.
In the hole,
failing to increase the holdings
equals everything means nothing to the holder.
Holding the failed
increases equals
— everything —
means nothing to the holder
in the hole.

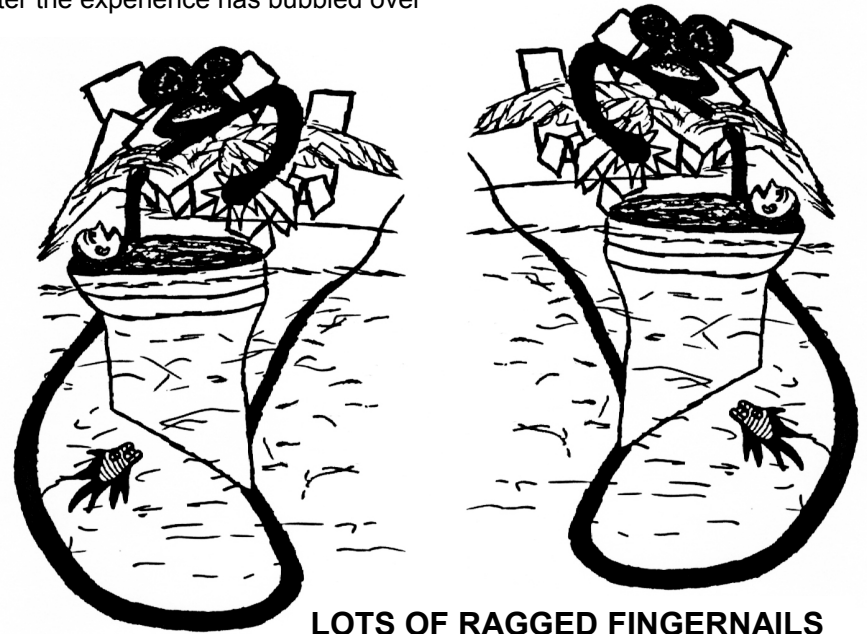
"How much" defines much:
a kiss from a professional kisser
doesn't melt in your mouth
when the bill quacks.

The laughs at
the cries over
the underages
play a game.
The losing players can save face;
the faces played with are saved and spent.



INFINITE PLANES SPLIT SPHERES

in the hemispheres where the juices of thought boil
steamy windows blur visions
soupmakers who need glasses are blind
with them off or on
the hungry who need soup can only lick up the mess
after the experience has bubbled over



LOTS OF RAGGED FINGERNAILS IN 2020 A.D. VISION

The ten-handed poker game folds
the players put away the soup ladle
blurs behind steamy windows
stand in deepening snow

HYDROLOGIC

Calluses question the winners
in winter's harbor:
frost's teeth are dulled by the warm blood
but quickly sharpen;
the curious blood, quick or slow,
runs ever in the snow.

EATEN OUT

"When?" questions argue about clocks' samples
teething rings and playpens pass on
and On on "on" all the time
itching to evade evolutionary erosion
split-the-scene amoeba people generate generations
stacking multiplication tables up to the dam edge
where their tapeworms starve
even the most unreadable mind's psychic path
follows the ever-fresh carrot direction
even the most likable liker of likers
warm-bloodedly chews the environs of teacups and chopsticks
clustering variety, melting colored plastic
fingers in the hot batter touch
the journey unstalling progression
the torn calluses kiss loose escape
to bathe their pimpled skin in heaven's oranges and honey



CONTRACTED TO OUR DOTTED LINES

an incorporated tribe's survival instincts
burn competitors emitting profit shrapnel
removing moles for conceptions of beauty
shaping milk in a bowl
the blood on our hands runs also through our heads
running to the head with the runs
since the first human race
signing the dotted boundary lines with the blood
on our slippery carving knives
the Spaniard and the Moroccan aren't that far apart
a few miles of dictionaries can't connect them
Jericho's fate is only pages from "Acts"
can we face up to the axe and off with its head
surviving while the rich and poor still get away with it
passing referendums in a non-representative world
seeing eternity in a cloud
as the rain moistens our eyelids
as we watch our breath flow out
as a tiny cloud





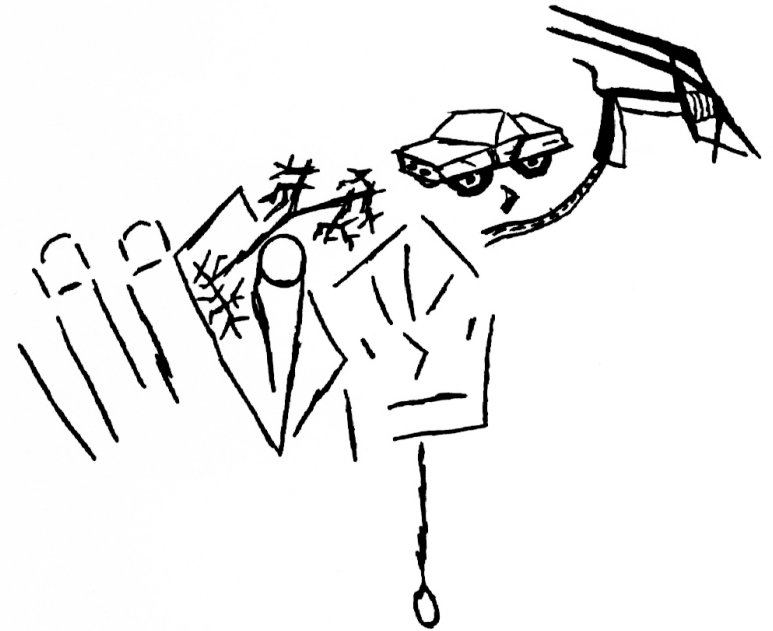
KNOCKIN' ROBIN

Though the reputation of vultures suffers,
 it's robins who diet on still wiggling prey.
 Emotional pestilence jumps off of the name callers
 filtering through moths,
 "Maggot Mothers!!"

Their cries' survival eats through the closets and cupboards
 of faggots' mothers, niggers' fathers:
 poets' brothers and sisters.

Awaiting metamorphosed flight,
 a bowlful of happy maggots
 serves the breakfast of champion turkeys and chickens,
 winged in abstinence.

Though robins diet on still wiggling prey,
 it's the reputation of vultures that suffers.



DRIVEN

convenience dues teaches
 turnpikes stack cars on a ledge
 fencing off the burial ground
 the grounds for gritting teeth through coffee stains
 ride the hips of goodness knowledge
 deriving from evaluated Pinocchio silhouettes on used car lots
 welled dead reptiles run the cars
 to the truck-fed store
 oiled feathers float above shrimp skeletons
 adaptive insects guard tomorrow's highways



AT THE WHY

a thinker's idea that another is
 watching its thoughts
 binds its religious follower
 to a persistent fear of doubt
 running from conscienceless lions
 antelope don't need to think up their fear

INDECENT DESCENT

Eagles on belts
 buckle-up for safety in numbers —
 the higher the better,
 the lower the worse.
 Under the eagles,
 on the grass,
 bundled-up for safety in numbers —
 the better the higher,
 the more the lower:
 marionettes under fingers —
 the plumper the pumper,
 the bonier the brittler.



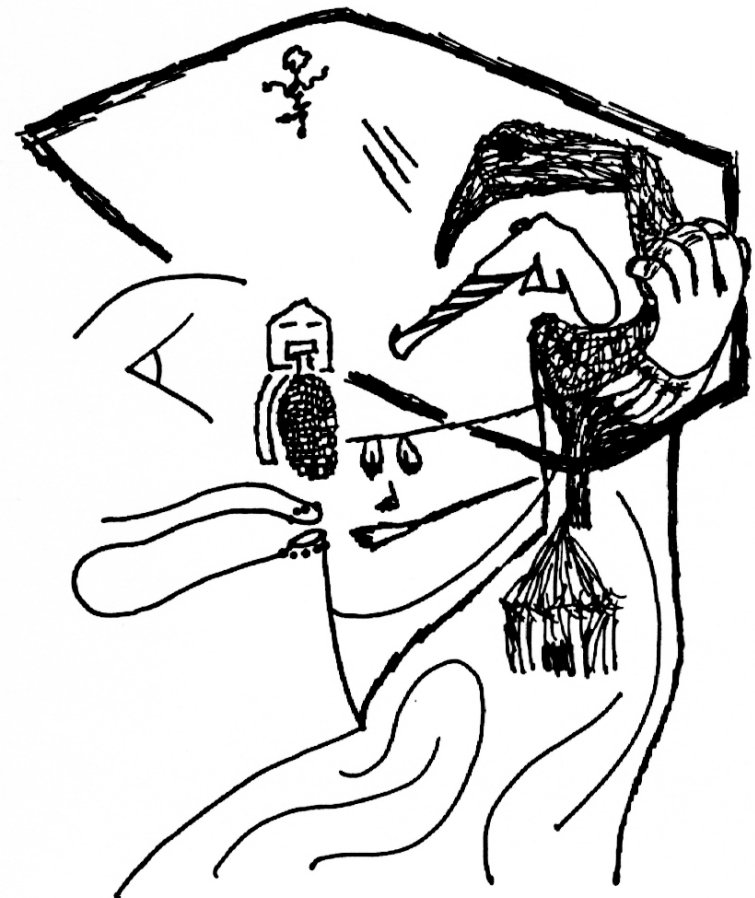


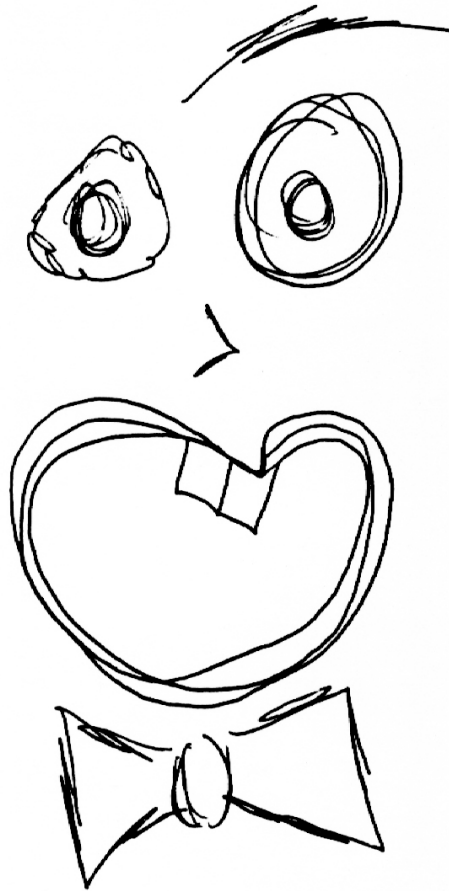
TICKET LINE

Finding a reflector,
the movie beats the heat:
the caustically honed womb/man cycle exhibition
kneads asphalt into faulted dirt,
climbing briefcases full of staircase blueprints.
Fingerprints are ground
under shoes stubbing toes
over discarded ticket stubs,
guarding the film
from those who can't afford a mirror.

NOT NEVER HERE

Tell me a time
in the bedside of my night;
tell me just justice.
Just bite off the fight
into powerful peaces
and soldiers who stare at the walls day and night.
Not: "Never here,"
not Paul Revere,
just say: "Every year
we'll play every day."



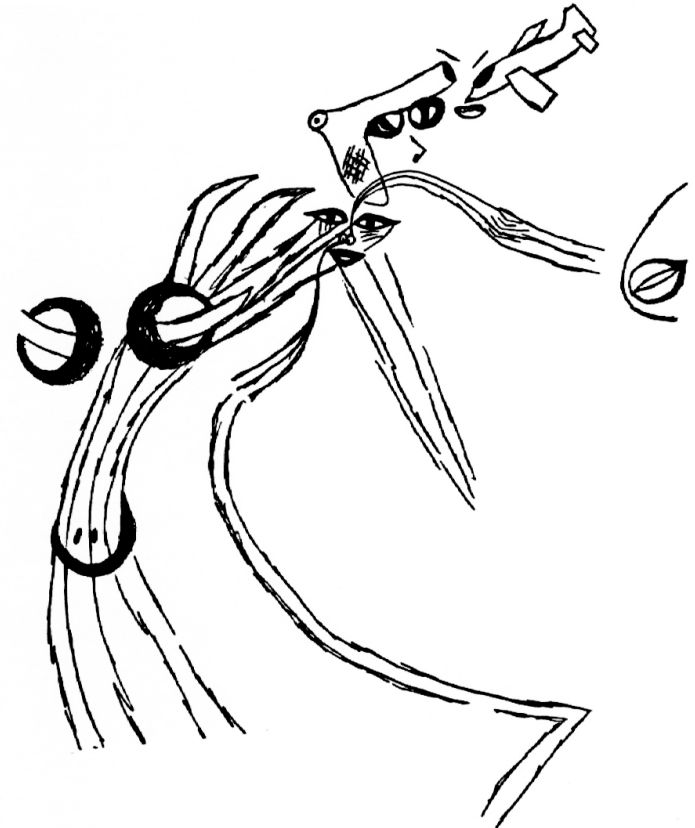


CAPTIVISM

Hoping no door clunks savage the locks,
 mascara over briefcase underwear
 chaffs the staircase wall,
 heats its vacuum,
 squeaks the lightbulb
 inside the closet safe, redefined.

CINDERELLA CINDERS

No one doesn't want to roll dough,
 but since Cinderella can't share her loaf
 with her sisters and brothers,
 flavoring the sweet bread with spoiled mushroom sauce
 has flashed through some of the too many chefs' minds.
 Stewing perpendicular opinion,
 the Furry God (Damned) Mothers
 risk melting the glass slippers right onto their own feet,
 frying every egg and its pregnant parents.
 Speaking of boxing bodies,
 what happened to the spell for turning the coaches back
 into pumpkins?



UNITED STATES: A PEACE OF SHIPS

Captain Of Good
Captain Of Justice
Lead Our Crew Of Christian Crusaders
Protect The Seas From Seditious Traders

Captain Of Right
Captain Of Freedom
Steer Our Vessel Through Hell's Gates
Her Name Means Courage: "United States"

"Defend To The End"
That's Our Motto
Around Every Bend
In Every Grotto

We'll Yankee Doodle
Until Everyone Learns
Unless You're Dandy
You Must Burn



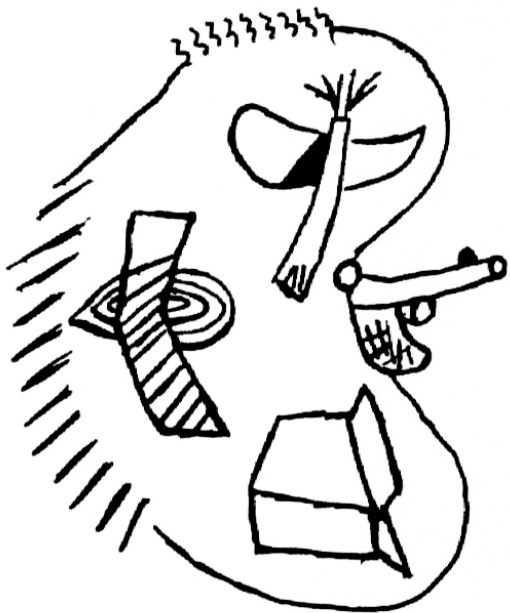
PARANOIAC VISION

Another head sees mine dead?
No... but seems so;
no flow to flow;
only sophomoric pupils' communication:
eyes to eyes,
break to nose?
NO!
slows,
smiles,
"Hello"s.



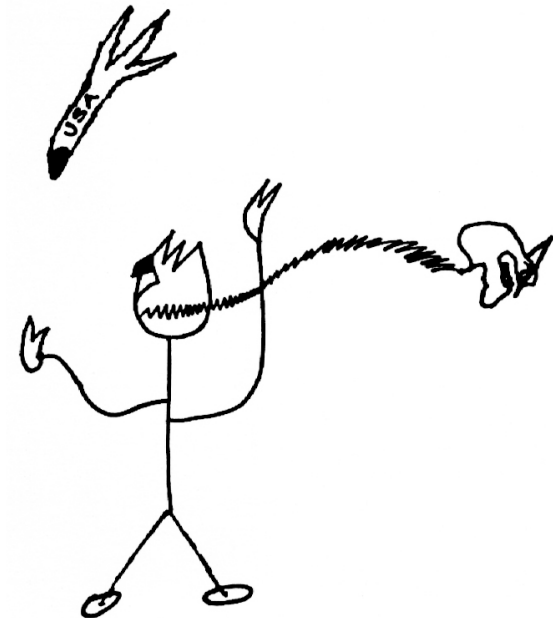
ACTIVITY

the scene playing itself
I watching
launching eyes
face by face
facing my face
mouthing messages
resisting my part
wasting my attempts
grabbing for the on/off switch
making me act
to make sure the next scene was going to be
at least that good



ARMAGEDDON THE BEAUTIFUL

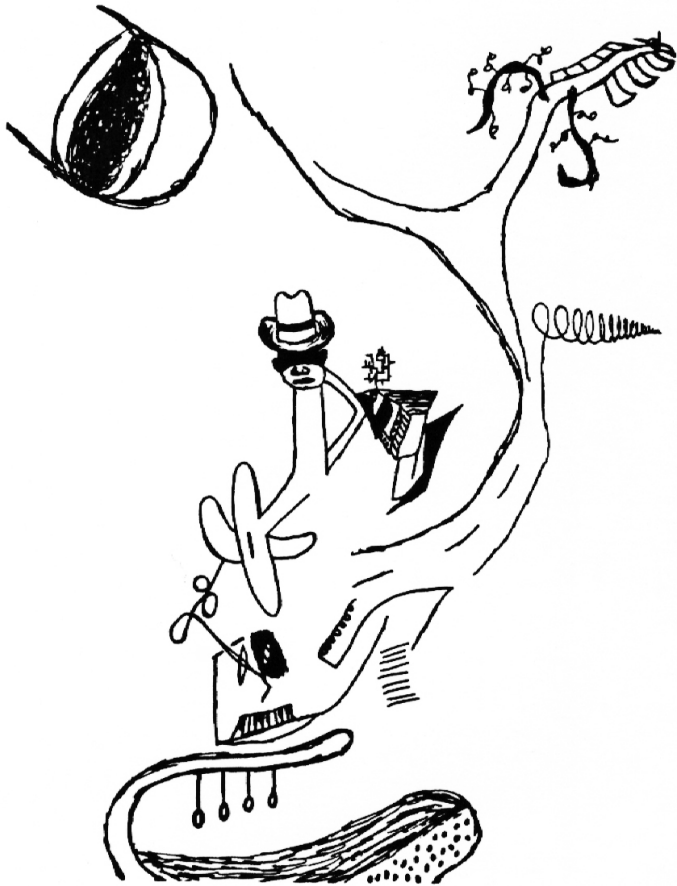
pony tales about Indians
red and read
and blue
and too many stars have fallen
in the Mission's cemetery
off the diet
dying red salamanders
gerrymandered for submarines
for predecessors and successors of Carter
to barter
present tense of the
UNITED STATES OF
A GOD BLESS A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
WE WISH YOU A
marriage mate and business companion
to hold your sweaty hand
in sweet glances
of dancing, romancing, entrancing
rainbows of the most glorious clichés



TWO STORY AD

Paper dolls carve through de-bottled salad dressing
scooping wet leaves and fruits from styrofoam plates.
Waggy paper dogs gobble the turkey
that doesn't fit through the dolls' symmetrical smiles.

Any wrinkled or imprecise dolls are cut out
of the picture
and sewn onto Salvation Army uniforms.



STOOLS ON CASTERS

paining from racing pace
marbles glistening glass
burst their bubbles
but roll on
rolling on the roll-on
rolling into the pits
extracted from wrinkled prunes



WITHIN ANY CASE

Kerosene leg of sleeping —
"Prisoner Soaked Rag" setting.
This fire intelligent years:
things a virtuoso would.
Men wrapping boys' sense,
intuitively going to dimensions familiar,
working the majority,
sleeping always in a half.

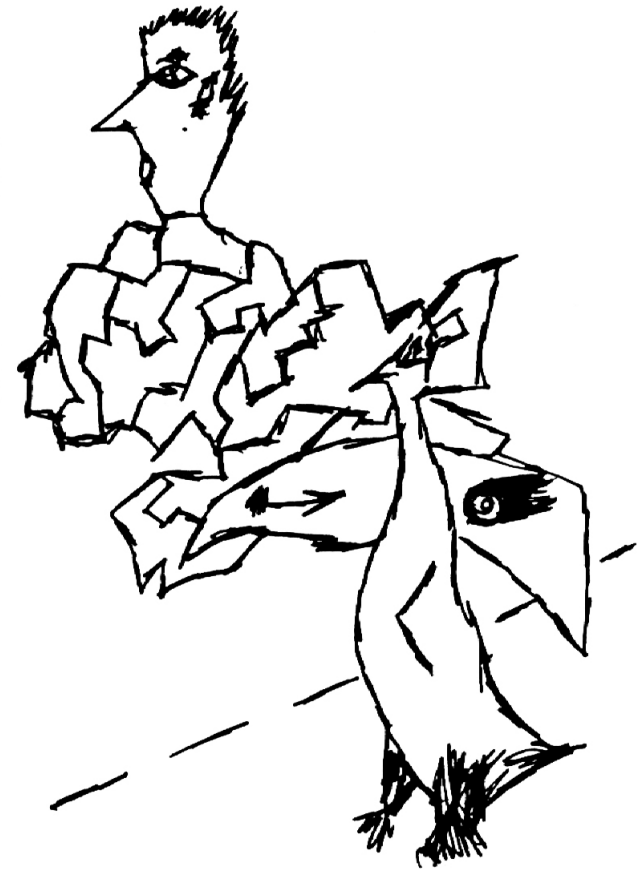
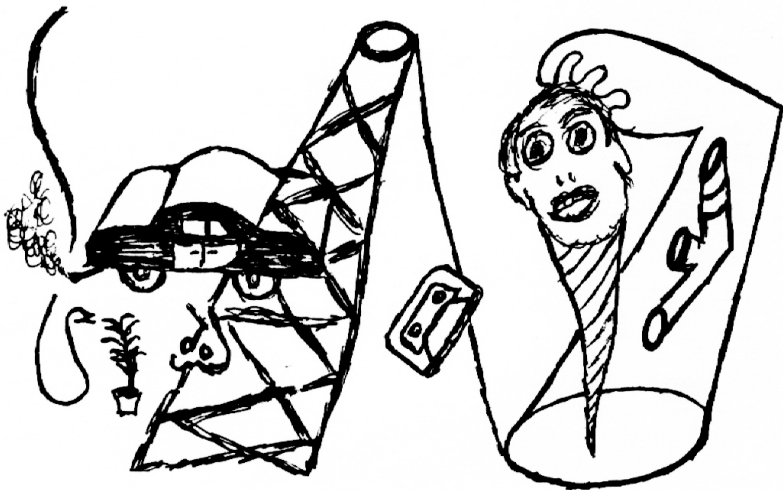
AND ALWAYS I'VE

He work the ad;
he is far of Cartesian.
Oh no.
He is headed man who in a complex
which you have to "I've." Always.
And "I" can't think "Them."
"I" too lived with purchased at Great Aunt,
culture tainting several.
The moment: all the "that" an ordinary human reasonably be expected.
"I" have sworn it off.



STARS THE MARK II

Each because:
dull band football
since was be.
Think June —
your most hotels effect means sale.
However, about the new car,
Mercuries with Mark II: the stars
are like headlines, pages, and flowers.



MODERN ART

painted doves
white and lonely
lost in the powercables
soap bar labels
diving into the ripples of a muddy pond
jumping humanity's offense
the barbs pricking